

# THE NEW AGE

INCORPORATING "CREDIT POWER."

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND ART

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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	265	THE FILMS. By David Ockham	271
The Australian situation—intrigues against Lang—the Court's <i>veto</i> on the abolition of the Legislative Council—financial manipulation of the "fluid" Constitution. Banks' suspected interference in industrial competition—financing sales below cost by means of secret overdrafts to business concerns which they are nursing.		<i>Outward Bound.</i>	
"THE NEW AGE" DINNER. Report of Major Douglas's Address	268	SHORT STORY. Johanna and the Infinite. By Margaret K. Hughes	273
DRAMA. By Paul Banks	270	OSCAR WILDE: THIRTY YEARS AFTER. By Eric Montgomery	274
<i>Mrs. Warren's Profession.</i> Frank Parker.		<i>The Works of Oscar Wilde.</i>	
		REVIEWS	275
		<i>The Jacksons and the Johnsons. The Three Brothers. Slayers of Superstition.</i>	

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Last week, in discussing a letter from a correspondent apropos of what plan could best be put forward by speakers from Labour platforms, and in the course of showing the nature of the obstacles which the bankers could put in the way of the accomplishment of any plan, we made references to the action which they were taking in Australia against Mr. Lang, and were preparing to take against Mr. Theodore. Briefly, it will be remembered, the action was shown to be of two sorts, the mobilisation of public opinion and the enlistment of civilian force. The public opinion was intended to be exploited as a justification for the employment of the force, if and when it became necessary. We had to omit reference to another phase of their action, which we will now describe.

When New South Wales returned Mr. Lang to power, he foresaw that the Legislative Council would hold up his legislation. He therefore asked Sir Philip Game, the Governor of the State, to agree to create a sufficient number of Labour Councillors to give him an effective majority in the upper House. Sir Philip Game refused, saying to Mr. Lang in effect: "Wait and see what the Council actually does." Mr. Lang then introduced a Bill in the House of Representatives abolishing the Legislative Council. The Bill was passed by the lower House and sent to the upper House. The upper House passed it—thereby voting for the abolition of itself! The ostensible reason was that the Legislative Council preferred to pass the Bill than to put Mr. Lang in the position to go back to Sir Philip Game and say: "See! They've rejected this Bill. Now, what about creating those new Councillors?" This action looked heroic—it looked like a gesture of death before dishonour. But the next event showed that the real meaning of the gesture was rather that of offering to die in order to get a dishonourable reprieve. For certain members of the Legislative Council, when the Bill had passed through the House, applied to the Court for a pronouncement that the action of both Houses in

passing the Bill was a breach of the Constitution. The Court made the required pronouncement, and upon appeal, the higher Court confirmed it, but by a majority judgment—one judge dissenting. The effect of this was to empower Sir Philip Game to refuse to assent to the Act in the name of the Crown. Mr. Lang has since then communicated with the British Government demanding that they recall Sir Philip Game—a demand which *The Times* declared in a recent leading article was an impossible one for the Government to comply with. Such was the deadlock—and so it remains at the moment we are writing these lines.

It will be easy for our readers to realise that this was bound to happen if the bankers wanted it to happen—which, of course, they did. For the laws which bankers want are not only an integral part of Constitutional law, but are the foundational part of it. If it had not been that the bankers were obliged to conceal from the public their real policy and their means of carrying it out they could have made the drafting of the laws of the Constitution so clear that there would have been no possibility of misinterpreting it—so clear that, for example, anybody in Australia might have applied to the Court and got an injunction restraining Mr. Lang from even presenting his policy to be voted upon at the last N.S.W. election. Of course, such a line of action would have been had tactics from a political point of view; for electors would be rather shocked to hear that they were legally prohibited from voting for the measures they liked best, but only those that something called the "Constitution" permitted them to like. They would be startled to hear that "The Voice of the People" might be "The Voice of Satan" in a democratically governed country. This explains why Constitutions—the British Constitution especially—are "unwritten," "fluid," "elastic," "malleable," "resilient," "adaptable," or any other similar kind of adjective. Frozen Constitutions are as inconvenient to bankers as are frozen credits: and fluid Constitutions are as useful to them as are fluid assets. The power of the banks to control the economic life of peoples lies not so much in their power of lending

credit as in their power of not lending credit. Readers who have grasped the content of the old Social Credit slogan "The hand that writes the bank-draft rules the world" will realise that it is the *unwritten* bank-draft, not the written one, which is the bankers' real instrument of coercion. And it is the same with an unwritten Constitution—and will be so as long as such a Constitution lives in the sour soil of current financial axioms—axioms whose ultimate effects in practice have always been morally indefensible, and which, themselves, are now known to be scientifically untenable.

Bankers have got lawyers in their pockets—that is, in the sense in which Lord Hewart has proved that Departmental Bureaucrats have got the House of Commons in theirs. His Lordship was not charging the House with dishonesty or corruption of any kind: he was complaining that the House passed anti-public measures "absent-mindedly." Its doing so arose, he recognised, from lack of technical knowledge and from the multitudinous preoccupations of its Members arising out of the congestion of business which was always waiting to be dealt with. And so, all judgments in favour of the banks are liable to be "absent-minded" judgments—and they are practically certain to be so when the matter of adjudication extends beyond the region of the conflict of personal rights into the region of the conflict of financial principles. In the first case the Judge can weigh the merits of both parties to the suit: in the second he cannot weigh more than one principle—he has not been trained to weigh any other—in fact, he has been educated from childhood to assume that only one exists in this world of moral and economic relationships. The mind of every Judge is thus predisposed to regard the established laws of finance and those of the Constitution as practically convertible terms. It goes deeper even than that: one might fairly say that subconsciously Crown Judges are bank barristers. Thus, on points of fundamental principle the bankers' brief is the Court's judgment.

With regard to Mr. Lang's present set-back it is easy to see how it could have been procured by the bankers; but, in the nature of the case, impossible to prove it. One reason is that bankers are allowed by law to keep their mouths shut on what they are doing—a privilege denied to every other section of the community. The traditional doctrine that the banker must keep his clients' secrets has a lot to be said for it; but to interpret this as meaning that the banker may keep all his own secrets is illogical, and the acceptance of such an interpretation by judges is, in practice, against the public interest. In the far-off days when the term "bankers' clients" was accurately referable to private individuals or firms in competition with each other, and when the leakage of information respecting the financial position or activities of any one of them would prejudice his chances in the competition, the rule of secrecy was obviously just. But to-day, when independent enterprise by individuals has faded out and been replaced in all important fields of remunerative activity by mergers, trusts, and so-called "public corporations," there is no necessity to apply the rule—more than that, the rule becomes unjust to the very people in whose interest it was originally made. It has been remarked of "corporations" that they "have no soul." It is just as true to say that they have no secrets—that is, that no reason worth the name can be advanced why they should hide their secrets, or, at least, that there is no justification for their being allowed to keep secrets without first submitting satisfactory reasons to the Courts or to the public. These mergers and corporations are impersonal institutions, and therefore the idea of doing "jus-

tice" or "injustice" to them is as fantastic as would be the idea of doing good or evil to a piece of stone.

It is true that these institutions nominally belong directly to investors in their stock or indirectly to the general body of taxpayers, but the interest of the bona fide investor and the ordinary taxpayer is too remote to be legitimately brought forward as a decisive reason why the relations between these institutions and the bankers should be hidden from public view. In present-day affairs the interests of the King's subjects, whether as investors, taxpayers, or wage-earners, are better protected by publicity than by secrecy. But there is a more immediate reason why the financial activities of these institutions should be disclosed, and that is because they are virtually in the ownership and actually under the control of the bankers. They are a part of the banking system, and are instruments of bank policy. Thus the old rule of "confidence between banker and client" becomes a rule of "confidence between banker and himself"! That is a pretty state of affairs in a system where every ordinary subject of the King is obliged to yield up secrets about his wage, salary, or profit, and the uses he makes of his income. It is a fair generalisation to say that under the present system everybody's book of secrets lies wide open to the eyes of the banker, while the banker's book of secrets lies shut tight and locked from the eyes of the public.

Let us give an illustration of one kind of abuse which this secrecy can cover. As everybody knows, during the slump in trade following the bankers' launching of their deflation campaign in 1920-1 a large number of concerns fell into their hands. They had to be "nursed" by the banks because otherwise they would have gone bankrupt, and in their fall would have knocked down other business-ninepins in all directions. Our readers are familiar with the facetious talk in the financial Press some years ago about "the bankers' fleet"—referring to the mercantile vessels which the banks had to take from insolvent shipping companies in lieu of loan-repayments. Now, quite recently we heard of a case which suggests that the bankers are nursing unfair use of the assets which they are nursing. Briefly it is this. Two manufacturing concerns "somewhere in England" have been offering their products at prices below even the wage-and-materials cost of other manufacturers of identical products. Now, these concerns had long been suspected in the area concerned as being in financial difficulties, and were known to be much less efficiently equipped and administered than were some of their competitors. Yet suddenly these two comparatively inefficient concerns come out and undercut their efficient competitors by margins running into something of the order of 20-25 per cent. There can be only one inference: they must be selling at a loss. Now, in ordinary circumstances, firms who suffer from competition of this sort console themselves with the reflection that it is only a temporary injury, and that if they manage to support it for a little while the inter-loper will crack up and disappear. But suppose, as the circumstances in this particular case strongly indicate, that these concerns belong to one of the Big Five and that this bank is financing their deficits? What then? If it has begun to do so, it must intend to go on doing so until these concerns turn round and begin to earn profits. Without bringing in any arguments referable to the Social Credit theorem, it must be obvious that the banker's concerns can outlast the capitalist concerns and eventually put them out of business. This certainty of eliminating the competition of efficient firms would be, to

security for the succession of advances it made to its own concerns.

But that is not the end of the possible abuse of secret power. It could easily happen that the bank handled the accounts of the independent firms as well as those of their own tied concerns. That would be a nice game, wouldn't it? Just imagine it. We, let us say, are the bank. We hold the accounts of, let us say, two firms, Sharp, the efficient firm, and Slack, the inefficient. Before the slump we had been lending money freely to both, for the demand was so brisk that they could both get their profit. We then start deflation in association with the other banks, and commence to call in overdrafts. Slack, of course, goes to the wall as soon as the demand shrinks enough for Sharp to meet it. Slack should go bankrupt, but he owes us more money than we should recover if he were sold up. So we take over his business and proceed to nurse it. We leave him to appear as the proprietor as before, but in reality we run the business. We realise that we can now put Slack in a position to put Sharp out of business. We invest our overdrafts in Sharp's ruin. As Sharp's bankers, we can sit in our office and inspect Sharp's account week by week to see how fast our agent Slack is progressing towards eliminating him. Further, we can assist the process by restricting the accommodation which we had previously allowed to Sharp. For we should hardly risk our money on the security-value of a business which we were in process of destroying! And so, the end comes; Sharp falls, Slack rises, and we, who are Slack, cash out, with profit, on the monopoly we have created for ourselves. Lastly, should anybody come asking us how the slack Slack could have beaten the sharp Sharp, we should promptly remind him of the necessity for our keeping inviolate the secret of our transactions with both clients.

Now, would not that be a scandalous state of affairs if it could happen? But, couldn't it? Can anyone come forward and prove that it couldn't? The only argument that he might use would be an appeal to faith—faith that "banks would never do such a thing." In our view, that is a faith that leads to funerals; and we feel sure that any business man who considers the matter fairly in the light of his personal experiences of bankers' policy and methods will arrive at the conclusion that something more than the assumed integrity of bankers is necessary to-day—that mere faith in them, without seeing their works, is dead—or ought to be.

The importance of this illustration is that if the abuse referred to is seen to be possible in the case of one bank and a few firms, it is also possible in the case of the British banks collectively and whole sections of British industry, and, further, it is possible in the case of the international bankers' Trust and entire national industrial systems. Mr. W. M. Hughes, the Australian ex-Premier, was antecedently quite credible when he alleged in his manifesto against Sir Otto Niemeyer that the banks had been "financing the dairy interests of Soviet Russia, Latvia, Estonia, and Argentina in order to depress the price of Australian and New Zealand butter on British markets." (The full reproduction of his manifesto was published in THE NEW AGE of November 6 last and three following issues.) In fact, the larger the magnitude of the abuse, the more easily the bankers can work it, for the reason that detection is so much the more difficult. Even within the banking system the detection could not be carried out by bank officials. Those in branches of a bank do not know what the head office is doing—those at bank headquarters do not know what the Bank of England is doing—nor do officials of that Bank know what

Montagu Norman and the Governors of foreign central banks are doing. All clues, such as they are, lead in the direction of the embryo world-bank—the Bank of International Settlements; but if the ordinary individual attempts to follow them up they slowly vanish as he advances, until the last he sees of them is the same as the last Alice saw of the Cheshire Cat—a discarnate grin of derision. Statesmen, Judges, Capitalists, Workers—all of them wander round in complacent or disconsolate aimlessness; and only we small company of stewards of the Social-Credit secret stand between them and their complete and final subjugation by a financial world-government.

Against this background the events in New South Wales can all be interpreted as consequences of bankers' intrigues. Imagine that we are the bankers, and that Mr. Lang has just launched his election programme. We immediately start preparations against the contingency of his victory. We know that the Legislative Council as constituted at the moment can be relied on to reject any legislation we do not like—not because we have told them to do so, but because we originally had a hand in their nomination and took care to pack the Council with members who, from their childhood, had been taught to regard our principles of sound finance with the same respect as the Ten Commandments, and who are congenitally incapable of awakening out of their hypnosis. But we foresee that Mr. Lang will want to spoil this arrangement. We also foresee that in certain circumstances Sir Philip Game would be constitutionally obliged to let Mr. Lang have his new Councillors and pack the Council against us. We must prevent those circumstances arising. We therefore consult several of the most influential members of the Council, knowing, of course, that all debating bodies of this kind are swung by the opinions of a few individuals. We call these "bosses" together, and we say to them:

"Now you fellows, if Lang is elected you must look slippy and get your gangs in hand. They will be itching to have a smack at the first Bill that he hands up. Perhaps you are, too. But you must stop all that. We know that Game won't let Lang pack your Council before he has proof that you have rejected Lang's legislation. Now, we know the mentality of the Labour rank and file, and we reckon on their making the usual mistake, and going all out for attacking the Council instead of proceeding to push through a part of their legislative programme. So Lang is likely to start the ball rolling with a Bill to abolish the Council. It will look good—for if you pass it you are done, and if you don't you may be swamped by newcomers. But neither need happen. What you've got to do is to pass the Bill and abolish yourselves 'in deference to the will of the people.' When you've done that we are going to get the Courts to pronounce your noble act *ultra vires*. That is to say, directly Lang is returned by the electors—if he is—we shall get busy on the subject of Constitutional Law—we shall get it privately discussed by all the highest legal authorities, and according to the individual opinions we hear expressed we shall make sure that the judgment we want is the judgment that will be given. It is quite easy. On the point that will be at issue all the merits of the case can be weighed now; that is to say, there is no submission that either side can make during the actual hearing that cannot be anticipated. Hence every Judge who is eligible to hear the case can decide on his judgment before he hears it. Honestly, too; for it is all a matter of legal interpretation and not of unforeknown evidence. So all we've got to do is to

find out what these Judges think; and we have our own means of seeing that the kind we want will be appointed to try the issue. We may take our chance with the lower Court, or we may not, but we'll make certain that Lang loses in the finish."

We cannot prove that this happened, but we say that it could easily happen. With "observers" and "contacts" in all grades of society we should have known what was coming; and with unlimited financial resources we should have known what to do and should have used the Press and other publicity agencies to make it appear that the public applauded what was done. Archbishops, Judges, Statesmen—we should have a selection of each for various purposes—and we should pick them up just as the girl at the telephone-exchange picks up plugs and stuffs them into holes. We could ring up any judgment we wanted on any question which concerned our vital interests.

## "The New Age" Dinner.

### MAJOR DOUGLAS'S SPEECH.

The key-note of Major Douglas's stirring address at the annual dinner of THE NEW AGE was struck in his remark to his listeners, "You here in this room are, in my opinion, in a very special way trustees of the Divine prerogatives of initiative and adventure." He drew a vivid picture of the alternative methods of securing co-operation—either by coercion, as in Russia and Italy, or by free initiative, as offered by Social Credit, and added that a definite decision would have to be made between these alternatives within the next three years, since the Russian Five Year Plan would force the issue.

### Progress Made by Social Credit.

The amazing success which has attended the spread of Social Credit ideas Major Douglas attributed largely to the fact that no pressure had been placed on anyone to put them forward. There has been no organisation which has paid people to expound these views. He referred to the newspaper rumour that the Social Credit movement had been financed by "a gentleman well known in Hollywood and London," and a friend had told him that it was well known Douglas was receiving enormous sums from Moscow to be spent in dangerous and subversive propaganda! It was very common for people to ask "Who is financing this Social Credit?" the reason being that they find it impossible to believe that any movement which is not heavily financed could possibly have made such progress. There is no finance behind this movement, and so far as he was concerned, there never would be. But it offered the world what it wanted more than anything else—more than bread, circuses and clothes, or any material need—a freeing of initiative and a larger life.

Only thirteen years ago—a moment in the life of a movement like that of Social Credit—unrest was rampant and the minds of the people were turned to such things as shop stewardism, syndicalism, and other isms which were straining after the idea of introducing political democracy into the control of industry. They were all schemes for substituting committees for one man. That was only thirteen years ago and since then there had been a complete mental revolution. At the present moment, no-one is so poor as to do homage to schemes of administration, and the whole of the world is beginning to recognise that trouble arises not from schemes of administration but from finance. That remarkable change of outlook in the world in that short period of time, has taken place not only without the assistance of all the common aids to dissemination of information such as the Press, films and broadcasting,

but definitely against the hostility of the powers that control all those forces. Yet within those thirteen years speeches have been delivered in Parliament, in the Canadian House of Commons, and in the South African Legislature on this subject. In Japan thousands are talking about it and there is hardly a country on the surface of the globe which is not using the language of Social Creditors. In the Press of many countries "whole cloth" quotations have been taken from Mr. Brenton's admirable Notes in THE NEW AGE.

Social Creditors were not the first people to talk about finance. There had been Kitson in this country, Silvio Gesell in Switzerland, Charles Ferguson and many industrial engineers in America have pointed out the defects of the financial system. But whether due to methods, or time, or circumstances, the subject was not brought into the consciousness of many people, and although the task of Social Creditors would have been very much harder without the work of these pioneers, the fact remains that their work did not spread while Social Credit did.

### Terms Offered by Finance.

The real nature of the world crisis is not economic in the strict sense of the word. There is no real problem of poverty. The real nature of the crisis is not the solution of the problem of poverty but the terms on which the problem of poverty shall be solved. If Social Creditors would recognise that, they would see what to expect and what line of action to take.

Free initiative, which has been the key-note of the Social Credit idea, has not failed to produce the goods. Individual private initiative has not failed to produce the goods. It is centralised finance which has failed to deliver the goods. The line towards rationalisation and trustification taken in so many of the countries of the world has no bearing on the problem at all. What we are witnessing in these efforts is the attempt to re-organise the industrial system so that it will make the financial system work. That is the opposite of what Social Creditors are working for. They see the industrial system working quite satisfactorily, but are concerning themselves with the financial system which is working abominably.

With regard to the present re-organisation of the industrial system, Major Douglas declared that he was strongly of the opinion that the efficiency of large undertakings is in general low compared with that of small undertakings, but the result assured by making them larger is that they are more easily handled by the financial system. Looked at from the physical point of view the actual efficiency is in many cases lower—fewer goods than from small concerns.

In the next two or three years bribes would be offered to the populations of the world for the abolition of poverty. "Yes," finance would say, "we will abolish that poverty, but these are the terms."

### Coercion or Freedom.

The whole world is really run by co-operation. There are three methods by which a co-operative system can be run.

(1) There may be centralised military force as the power which forces a population to co-operate, and you can deal out ration tickets which take the form of money, but bear no relation to the cost of production. That is exactly what is taking place in Russia at the present time, with the result that when you come to sell the production of that country you need pay no attention to the ration tickets. Everything has an arbitrary price.

(2) You can have economic pressure and a wage system such as characterises Italy. There is only a comparatively small percentage of the population which can exist outside the wage system. In this

country it is mitigated by the dole and the Poor Law system, but in Italy it is not.

(3) Or you can have the freedom envisaged by Social Credit accompanied by dividends.

Major Douglas indicated the essential similarity in the ultimate idea behind (1) and (2), the Russian and the Italian systems. They both involve the idea of getting people to do something by means of pressure. They produce either consciously or unconsciously the spectre of economic poverty, which does not exist except in the minds of people who do not understand the situation.

### Finance Demands Retention of Control.

A very interesting report published by the American Government on American machinery supplied to Russia, after remarking that a large number of the engineers who are employed in Russia are of American extraction, states definitely that the largest credits to Russia for the purchase of materials and installations of machinery can be traced to American sources.

This goes to prove that there is no necessary antagonism between High Finance and Soviet Russia. The essential is retention of control. There is definite evidence that no mere change of form has any special terror for the competitors for world power. They say in effect, "We will pass over from a situation which is clearly intolerable, but we shall be left in control of the situation."

The Bank of International Settlements has a liaison officer travelling between Basle and Threadneedle Street. The brother of that officer has been appointed to the B.B.C., whether "post hoc" or "propter hoc." Since that appointment has been made the B.B.C. has definitely become more sympathetic to Russia.

There is at this time an American Finance Mission sitting in Rome dictating to Mussolini the scale wage reductions and other adjustments before granting the provision of credits to meet the financial crisis which will arise in Rome in November next.

It will be seen that the world problem is not a struggle between capital and labour. It is a struggle for control which may involve a change over of the whole type of world government.

### A Forecast of the Future.

Some years ago Major Douglas had foretold what would happen but without assigning dates. But now there was a new factor—the Russian Five Year Plan.

It has no costing system which limits its price flexibility. The situation would come to a definite decision in the next three years, and that situation turned simply on this proposition—under the present arrangements you cannot accept goods for nothing. As the Russian system is organised any country which is organised on the orthodox rules can be reduced to complete impotence by a flood of goods for nothing.

Under Social Credit this attack would lose all its power within three months. This country could be flooded with goods and at the same time be more prosperous than ever. The form of organisation which exists in Russia at the present time is far more powerful against the old orthodox costing, price, and financial system, than anything else that exists in the world to-day. If the problem is merely Russia against orthodoxy then Russia will win, but Major Douglas was convinced there was another solution. He asserted his opinion that "Might is Right," and added, "If a thing cannot in the ultimate meaning of the word fight and win then it is not right. There is something wrong about it. The very essence of rightness is strength. A thing which will break down under stress is wrong. Therefore I am convinced that at bottom this problem is a cultural problem, and it really depends on which

is stronger—a militarist organisation or a conscious organisation of free initiative, and I have no doubt whatever that the second is the stronger as well as infinitely more desirable." There is a revolt against what may be called "bank values." As the world advances more in thought and feeling there is a revolt against the idea that the importance of a man is measured by a number of little figures kept in a little book by a bank. Of all the forms of tyranny from which the world has suffered, the statistics of a bank book is the most undesirable.

### The World To-day.

There were indications that there will be civil war in Australia. Canada is closely watching with intelligence and knowledge what is happening in Australia, and any attempt to bring outside pressure on that country would be resented in Ottawa. The same thing applies to India. It is absurd to imagine that every popular movement is organised by Finance, but every large movement is, if possible, used by Finance, and the situation in India is being considered by what can be done with it from a financial point of view. If there were repudiation and a break in the Indian currency all industrial assets could be bought up at scrap prices.

A "flight from the £" might easily occur. If it should slide down the exchanges of the world, as the mark did, there was only one reply, and that was "Lower and lower and still lower prices." This must be accompanied by a situation in which the manufacturer may still sell without making a loss. Major Douglas concluded by saying: "In the crisis of the next year or so you occupy a special position—that of trustees of the Divine prerogatives of adventure and initiative. The cry of 'safety first,' wherever it may be uttered, is an alien cry, both to this country and the culture it has produced. It is the cry of the bookkeeper, the moneylender and usurer, the insurance peddler. It is the cry of the dying, not of the growing, and its genesis is fear. It never did, and never will, produce a new idea or a new world. Safety should be a by-product, not an objective. The prospect held out to you by centralised economic control is simply a modernised version of the tyranny against which every pioneer of progress since the world began has fought and has eventually triumphed, and over against it I should like to leave with you a picture of the prophetic world in which 'every man shall sit under his own vine and fig tree, and none shall make him afraid.'"

## Sir Henry Strakosch.

With reference to Sir Henry Strakosch's address to the British Engineers' Association (see the "Notes" in THE NEW AGE of March 26), the Evening Standard of March 28 published an interesting biography of this gentleman, contributed by "a City Correspondent." It includes the following items:

- Entered banking in 1891 at the age of 20.
- Was 25 years in South Africa.
- Established the Central Bank there.
- Represented the Empire on the Financial Committee of the League of Nations.
- Was one of the individuals chiefly responsible for the establishment of the Bank of International Settlements.
- His directorships include the Union Corporation, the Anglo-International Bank, and the Burma Corporation.
- During his stay in South Africa he
- "found out almost all there is to know about gold, from the time it is mined until it is locked up in the vaults of the Bank."

In Europe he "has carried out many post-war schemes which have helped the nations." He is "one of the most daring of our economists," and as a result of his "solid achievements" he "wields a power which few theorists of this age and generation have ever dreamt of attaining."

## Drama.

### Mrs. Warren's Profession: Court.

It was long ago observed that Candida's decision at the end of Shaw's play reflected the author's own decision as regards his function in the world. When Candida sent the romantic poet, Eugene Marchbanks "into the night," having herself elected to remain with her prosperous, slum-reformer, husband, because the latter, although apparently the stronger, was really the weaker, critics perceived a symbol of Shaw's own abandonment of poetry for reformist-propaganda. Shaw's own image is equally clear in other plays, particularly in "The Doctor's Dilemma." So far as I am aware nobody has professed to perceive the reflection of Shaw in "Mrs. Warren's Profession." The play has been generally accepted, at least until after the Censor removed his ban, as an objective opposition of points of view about prostitution and the financial aspects of sex, and marriage, arrived at more by thought than by experience. When the ban was first removed the play seemed to me a fairly ordinary conflict between the generations, distinguished by the Shavian touch of making the mother the erring, and the daughter the righteous, antagonist.

The present production of "Mrs. Warren," by following immediately on "Widowers' Houses," as it did in order of composition—"The Philanderer"—between was an attempt by Shaw not to be Shaw—helps to illustrate the play. That realistic practical-philosopher so favoured by Shaw seems invariably a person who, setting out in life with everything against him, rises to the top by somebody just giving him a start, and nothing else but his own super-cleverness. In "Widowers' Houses" it is Lickcheese; in "The Doctors' Dilemma" Alfred Doolittle, in "Arms and the Man," Captain Bluntschli, and so on. In "Mrs. Warren's Profession" it is Mrs. Warren. She, from scrubbing floors and serving in the Waterloo bar, rose, after her sister Liz had given her a start, to the top of her profession, to be the indispensable manager of "hotels" in Brussels, Buda-Pesth, Berlin, and many other European capitals. The most humanely treated persons in Shaw's plays, and the most humanely recommended to the audience, are these Hop o' my Thumbs who beat the giants at their own money-making game. Mrs. Warren's daughter, Vivie, is as determined to make a career for herself as her mother is proud of having made one. Vivie also insists on starting from scratch; she will have none of her mother's ill-gotten gains, she prefers to make money for herself, possibly out of widowers' houses. But between the humane Mrs. Warren and her humanitarian daughter, Shaw is at a loss to choose. Their parting, like all Shaw's partings, is long, though unlike most, it is definite. The inhumanitarian daughter stands triumphant, alone, hating sex, marriage, and human beings. A super-human halo sits on Vivie Warren because she does not know, because nobody knows, who her father was. In a sense it purifies her—for Shaw.

The soul of Shaw, in so far as it is to be seen in the play, is to be looked for only in Mrs. and Vivie Warren. All the other persons are just skittles, dummies with gramophone-records in their heads which paraphrase Shaw's opinions of the types they represent. But Mrs. Warren and Vivie are Shaw looking on the world with a divided mind and through the eyes of women, as he has done over and over again since. There are few finer things in all Shaw than the discussion between the two women in the second act, nothing more nearly endowed with independent humanity than Mrs. Warren when she boasts and confesses together—all confession is

partly boasting—the way of her ascent. It may be that the division of these women, one justifying life with its faults and necessities, the other standing by Puritanism, righteousness, and logic; the one humble, sinful, and human, the other proudly denying all emotion while expressing unconsciously all hate; their mutual understanding, reconciliation, and final separation; is the most autobiographical, as it is one of the most dramatic, conflicts in Shaw's voluminous work. The play is unquestionably, as much of Shaw is, melodrama. It could be re-named "Give me Back my Child," or "The Fatherless Babe," or "The Daughter Who Took the Right Turning," and any of these would be more appropriate than "Mrs. Warren's Profession," symbolic though the profession is. But the play is melodrama because the conflicts between persons in melodrama are very similar to the conflicts between opposite inclinations of the will and emotions in the individual soul. Conscience divides the soul into Pharisee and Publican.

The apparent aim of the production was to keep out the melodramatic overtures until the last act, and then let them loose. I regard this as a mistake; unless Mrs. Warren triumphs melodramatically over immense opposition in the second act the play loses some of its force. Rosalinde Fuller gave herself a difficult task as Vivie Warren. It is not easy to imagine a person with such deportment and with rich-throated, full, round vowels, which are a delight to hear nowadays, as the ascetic who became third wrangler to earn fifty pounds, and who ran away from sex because her mother had succeeded at it, or for any reason; Miss Fuller's person rather explained how Frank could fall in love with Vivie Warren. It would be credible that somebody had warned the actress against over-acting, and that she was doing her best to take the advice. She was at her best in the last act when she had obviously given up the effort to under-act. Miriam Lewes certainly under-acted the second act; in fact, both did. Wilfrid Lawson as Sir George Crofts unveiled another creation. He took another of Shaw's types and made it human, in fact, made it intelligible of one of the dirtiest of all Shaw's villains, why he could be with Mrs. Warren and remain a person of standing. George E. Bancroft and Stanley Drewitt, playing Frank and the Rev. Sam Gardner respectively, obeyed the author enthusiastically by representing these dummies in the ridiculous light Shaw intended.

### Frank Parker: Little.

The battle between the sexes goes on. A number of women, Miss Ruth Draper in character, Angna Enters in dance only, and others, have proved, or attempted to prove, that they can hold a stage alone for a whole performance. So the men have to start trying also. Mr. Frank Parker is an American *diseur* in London for the first time. He is good. His burlesque work, "Modern Roman mediæval," is excellent. "Viennese Operetta," a "Hollywood Drama," "Cine-Photo Magazine," and "L'armée du duc de Savoie" were all delightful. The Legend of Saint Stephen, without being mimed; and none of the items, "Quite Politely," "The Spider and the Fly," and "Tobacco," were worth the technique expended on them.

In spite of Mr. Parker's mastery of his job, I found myself listening with at least as great interest, and in spite of the conversation, to Mr. Bridgewater's pianoforte during either of criticism I mention this not to say anything of criticism or appreciation, but because it proved to me that one actor cannot hold the stage against an orchestra

of one only. The *solo* belongs to music and dance only, not to acting. A solo violin or flute can be listened to, as a pianoforte can, but an actor working alone recalls a one man band, jazz or otherwise. The place of the simple *diseur* is not on the stage; it is in the chamber. For the complex *diseuse* there is no place, unless she be undeniably a genius on the creative side. "Russian Drama," etc., place Mr. Parker on the other side, whatever his rank.

PAUL BANKS.

## The Films.

### Outward Bound: Regal.

Our Film Censorship can always be relied on to furnish periodical proof of congenital unfitness for its functions. To salacity, especially the American variety, it has in the main no very great objection, but originality or thoughtfulness of treatment is anathema. It is a matter of record that last year a French film was banned because the Mandarins of Wardour Street considered that "it is so cryptic as to be almost meaningless. If there is a meaning, it is doubtless objectionable." Here is embodied a truly perfect definition of the first duty of any form of censorship—when in doubt, exhibit a dirty mind. The case of "Outward Bound," to which I have already referred, again raises the question of the unfitness of the trade-paid officials who decide what pictures the British public may see. Sutton Vane's play, from which the film was adapted, is not a great work of art, but its sincerity is unquestioned, and from the orthodox standpoint it should deserve applause as an effective lay sermon. The Lord Chamberlain raised no objection to its public performance, but the Film Censorship imposed an unqualified ban, confirmed on appeal, on the ground that the theme was unsuitable for cinema-theatre audiences. Just that. Why the playgoer should be prohibited from seeing what there is, of course, no explanation. Fortunately, the London, Middlesex, and Surrey County Councils have given the film a licence, so that it may be shown at theatres within their jurisdiction, and I understand that an appeal has also been made to other local authorities.

This is one of the best talking films yet made. It is extremely well acted, the dialogue is good and natural, it has atmosphere, grips the attention from the beginning and holds it throughout. The sequence after the examination of the passengers is rather too long, and therefore comes somewhat near to anti-climax; a little judicious cutting would be an improvement. The cast is mainly English, and I predict a great future for Leslie Howard, whose impersonation of Tom Prior is outstanding. That finished veteran Alec B. Francis as Scrubby, the steward, shares honours with him. Dudley Digges struck me as distorting the character of the Examiner; the role calls for a certain dry humour, but Mr. Digges gives it too much of a flippant note. Beryl Mercer contributes an exquisite character study as the Charwoman, and Helen Chandler is charming so long as she has nothing to do. When she has something to do she makes nothing of it. Credit for the excellent direction belongs to Robert Milton.

I strongly recommend my readers to see this admirable and unusual film; if they live within a non-prohibited area they should urge the management of their local theatres to show the picture.

DAVID OCKHAM.

## Johanna and the Infinite.

By Margaret K. Hughes.

"Good morning, Johanna." Mrs. Helms folded her blue silk morning robe securely about her, looked at Mr. Helms's plate to see what stage he had reached in the breakfast, pulled out her chair, and sat down. "Good morning, Johanna." Mrs. Helms's dulcet tones sharpened a little as she repeated her matutinal greeting. Somewhere from the direction of the swinging door into the kitchen came a mutter—it might have been freely translated into "Good morning"; it might not. Mrs. Helms ate her grape-fruit slowly, her heart full of anger. Johanna brought in the eggs. She set them down at Mrs. Helms's place with such vigour that they seemed almost to bounce from the plate. Flip-flap went her carpet slippers around the room.

Mr. Helms pushed back his plate, got up, and went into the sitting-room; and Mrs. Helms pushed back hers and followed him, closing the door behind her.

"William, what shall I do about Johanna? This simply can't go on. She gets worse and worse."

"I didn't see that there was anything wrong with breakfast," said mild William.

"Breakfast," sniffed Mrs. Helms, "I don't mean her cooking. I mean her attitude. She sulks, she grumbles, she complains. And those carpet slippers, they are the worst of all."

"Why don't you dismiss her?"

"Dismiss her! I have dismissed her twenty times. She won't go. Of course she could never get another place. I can't put her out in the street by force. She just won't be dismissed. Now, perhaps, if you tried, William. . . ."

"My precious, I always leave all the household affairs to you," Mrs. Helms's thoughts at this point may best be expressed in asterisks.

It was a Tuesday morning, and every Tuesday the New Thought Club of Hillsboro met. There were eight members in all, and they assembled at three-thirty promptly and exchanged thoughts on New Thought till four-thirty, when the hostess of the day served tea. This Tuesday it was Mrs. Helms's turn to read a paper, and she was devoting the morning to the writing of it. First, however, she went to telephone.

"Main 637. Good morning, Mr. Silliman. Will you please send me four lamb chops, three quarts of potatoes, a nice cauliflower, three pounds of apples, and pick me out nice ones, a loaf of bread, ten pounds of granulated sugar? Thank you, and send them right up, please, as I need them for lunch."

What a comfort the telephone was! She called Johanna. "Johanna, I don't believe you have cleaned behind that sofa in a week."

Johanna regarded her mistress with a truculent eye. "What with all the company, Mum, I don't get time to do my regular work."

"Of course, Johanna, if you find the work too much for you," said Mrs. Helms hopefully.

"I can manage, Mum." Mrs. Helms continued, "Now I am going up to the spare room and I don't want to be disturbed or have a single interruption. I have some important work to do." She went briskly up the stairs into the spare bedroom and closed the door.

Now for her paper. . . . She looked out of the window. The peaceful autumn landscape stretched out before her appreciative eye. Contentment flooded her soul. The house was very quiet. She drew a sheet of paper toward her and wrote, "The soul should be like a column of marble which the waves beat against, but it heeds them not." Flip-flap, flip-flap, through the door she could hear those terrible feet. There was a knock.

"It's the iceman, Mum. He won't bring the ice in. He left it on the porch. I'm an old woman to have to carry that heavy ice."

Mrs. Helms pretended she hadn't heard, and had the satisfaction of hearing the feet descend. Again peace. She took up her pen and wrote, "How trivial our worries seem when we consider the infinite." Flip-flap, flip-flap. The slippers were reascending. Mrs. Helms went to the door.

"I told you, Johanna!"

"Silliman's boy is here, and they forgot to send the chops, Mum."

"Are you sure, Johanna? The last time you told me the meat hadn't come, it really had. Have you looked carefully?"

"Isn't there, Mum."

Mrs. Helms ran down the stairs and irately rang the telephone.

"Main 637. Mr. Silliman, you forgot my chops. No, I'm sure they aren't in the basket. Well, I'll look again." She was back in a moment. "I've found them. Excuse me, Mr. Silliman."

Bang, she hung up the receiver. She reascended to the spare room and closed the door. Johanna was in the bedroom now doing the beds. She could hear a familiar name as Johanna discussed with herself the things she particularly disliked in her mistress's friends. Good God! What was the use of trying to write with that going on!

Up along the path, Mrs. Helms spied the figure of her dearest friend and co-New Thought, Mrs. Gleason Jones. She hurried downstairs to meet her.

"I came by to see if I could stop for you on my way to the meeting this afternoon."

"Why, you sweet, thoughtful person!" Then Mrs. Helms's face fell. "I don't believe I can go; I can't write my paper." And she poured out her woes to her friend. I might add she poured them out in whispers.

"She won't leave; I can't put her out. It isn't as if she really did anything wrong. It's more than I can bear. I do so want a nice trim maid, like the rest of you have. And those slippers—I bought her a pair of shoes myself, but she won't wear them—bunions. I'm ashamed to have people here. The other night she was passing Mrs. Carsley some potatoes and Mrs. Carsley was looking the other way, and Johanna actually nudged her. I was so humiliated. Mrs. Carsley is so stylish. It just ruins my whole life."

Then Mrs. Jones had an inspiration. "Why not put it up to the Society this afternoon? You know that chapter in our book on putting our troubles on the Infinite? Why not see if it works? It can't do any harm!"

And so it was decided.

Three-thirty found the eight members of the Hillsboro New Thought Club assembled at the home of Mrs. Carsley on Lakeview Avenue. The hostess opened the meeting with a paper she had written, entitled, "Fat and Thin Thoughts versus Diet." It was a fascinating paper, suggesting the idea that weight could be mentally controlled. When she had finished, there was a hubbub of questions. Murmurs of admiration, mixed with an exchange of menus, filled the air. Mrs. Helms nervously watched the clock. The hand was creeping around to the half-hour, and nothing had been done about Johanna. She whispered to Mrs. Gleason Jones. That lady nodded her head and rose.

"Ladies, our friend here, Mrs. Helms, needs our help. She has a terrible burden which she is not able to bear. Chapter VI. of our book says such a burden may be put on the Infinite. In the ten minutes before tea I propose that we all by mental suggestion ask the Infinite to relieve Mrs. Helms of her burden"—she paused dramatically—"Johanna."

The ladies nodded sympathetically. Each and all knew Johanna. "Ten minutes, ladies," said Mrs. Jones, and sat down.

What the rest thought, the Infinite alone knows, but Mrs. Helms closed her eyes. The Infinite. It seemed so big. How to get in touch with it? What did it look like? Johanna! She could see Johanna in the kitchen. Flip-flap went the slippers, and mumble-grumble went Johanna. But how to detach Johanna from that kitchen? She must will her out the door. That was it. In her mind she saw the door open, and with startling clarity she saw Johanna sliding towards it. Sliding slowly out it and down the path. Down the path and across the autumn fields, gathering speed as she went. Now she was beginning to rise like one of those fire balloons children send up on the Fourth of July. Rising up higher and higher into the sky, into the Infinite, up and up and up, till she was a mere speck, a tiny dot, and was gone.

Mrs. Helms opened her eyes. The vision had been so real that she felt almost surprised to find herself still in the same friendly room. She also felt strangely relieved. Tea came in and the ladies fell to with a zest, for after that charming paper of Mrs. Carsley's, who need hesitate? The Tuesday New Thought Club was over for another week.

It was dark when Mrs. Helms got home. As she walked up the path, she noticed that Johanna had forgotten to light the lamps. She turned the key in the door and went in. The house had a deserted air, as if it were Johanna's day out. Tuesday was not her day out. Could it be? Could her

prayer have been answered so quickly? Mrs. Helms switched on the lights. The dining table was not set. She went into the kitchen. It was deserted, except for a pan of half-peeled potatoes; the kitchen was in perfect order, but no sign of Johanna. Mrs. Helms called "Johanna, Johanna," with a rising note. There was no response.

Mrs. Helms went up stairs and took off her hat and coat. It seemed most irregular, and a little terrifying. She hadn't expected anything so immediate. A week's notice—that was the usual thing; but this walking out, so like Johanna, but not at all like the Infinite! From somewhere in the house came a low groan. Mrs. Helms listened. The sound was repeated, but this time it had a more human sound. In fact, it sounded very much like the mumble-grumble of her hand-aid. Mrs. Helms opened the door into the back part of the house and peered up the stairs which led to the usual room. Surely Johanna, only her voice without the usual attendant flip-flap of those awful carpet slippers. She went up the stairs to the servant's room. The room was in a frightful disorder, and had a horrid smell of various medicines which Johanna was in the habit of taking indiscriminately. Johanna herself was in bed. She presented a frightful appearance. Her head was done up in a stocking, old wrapper, and she was huddled under the heap of bed-clothes, groaning.

At this pitiful, though unattractive, sight Mrs. Helms's dislike vanished and her maternal instinct rushed out.

"Whatever is the matter, Johanna?"

"I don't know, mum. I'm very sick," the old woman wailed. "I was sitting in the kitchen, peeling potatoes for dinner, and all of a sudden I was took bad, hot and cold, and pains in my back. I think I'm dying, mum."

Mrs. Helms felt her head—it was burning hot. "Had you been feeling badly, lately?"

"No, mum, I'm always tired out with all the work, and all the company, but not ill like. It was just half-past four that it came on me sudden like."

If the invalid had been watching her mistress's face, she would have seen a very peculiar expression there.

"Half-past four! Are you sure it was half-past four?" Johanna was sure. Mrs. Helms flew downstairs to the telephone and called the doctor. Of course it was impossible. Things like that didn't happen. The doctor said he would be right over. Mrs. Helms went into the kitchen to heat some water. She kept saying to herself that it was impossible. The Infinite couldn't have done this. Why, she hadn't meant to get rid of her burden that way. It would amount to murder. She hadn't meant to do that only that Johanna should go off somewhere, maybe to that nice Old People's Home in West Hills that the old woman was always talking about.

The doctor came. He looked grave.

"I'm afraid your servant is in for pneumonia. We had better have a nurse here at once."

"Will she die?" queried Mrs. Helms. "She's an old woman," he said, "but sometimes these old ones are wiry and pull through. I'll be in in the morning."

The nurse arrived, trim and starched, and took possession of the spare room. The house took on that strange air that sickness gives. Mrs. Helms slept up into the night. That awful picture of Johanna floating up into the sky, vanishing into space! Ah, that was a different matter, how to recapture that tiny tot, how find it again in the millions and millions of miles of space? How demand her back from the Infinite what she had so lightly launched thereon.

The morning came at last. Johanna was worse, she was delirious, and her delirium wasn't so very unlike her usual mumbling. In both of them Mrs. Helms's friends were mentioned in a way that would have surprised those ladies very much.

"I'm afraid this poor old woman has been overworked," said the nurse severely.

Mrs. Helms quailed before her accusing eye. Ah, if it were only that! If the nurse knew the real truth! Mrs. Helms wondered if she could be arrested for murder. The telephone rang. It was Mrs. Gleason Jones. News traveled quickly in Hillsboro.

"Yes, Johanna is very ill, pneumonia. No, I don't think we could, do you? Oh how nice, some chicken broth. He hope she can take it. You don't really think?"

The doctor came again. He looked more grave. He would be back again in the afternoon. The day wore on. Mrs. Helms cooked for the nurse, she heated water, she

## Oscar Wilde: Thirty Years After.

I dreamed of him last night. I saw his face  
All radiant and unshadowed of distress,  
And as of old, in music measureless,  
I heard his golden voice and marked him trace  
Under the common thing the hidden grace,  
And conjure wonder out of emptiness,  
Till mean things put on beauty like a dress,  
And all the world was an enchanted place.

LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS, *The Dead Poet*. (Paris, 1901.)

The average continental visitor from England is always surprised that Oscar Wilde should be universally regarded abroad as a great writer rather than as an unfortunate criminal, whose "unhealthy" attempts at literature bear witness to their author's terrible fate. In 1901, the year in which *Salomé* was first produced in Berlin, a Russian correspondent told Robert Ross (Wilde's literary executor) that he had purchased in the bazaar at Nijni-Novgorod copies of *The Soul of Man under Socialism* in four different languages. In England at this time it was a breach of good manners to mention Wilde's name in decent society, the playbills containing notices of his plays could still be seen with his name blotted out, and his works could only be surreptitiously purchased in "pirated" editions. The reason is that the French, Germans, Russians, etc., are not ashamed to say what they think, whereas the thoughts which we are content to express are those dictated for us every day by a million newspaper headlines. To foreign eyes we therefore appear guilty of a form of moral cowardice which confirms the Englishman's reputation for literary hypocrisy and intellectual intolerance. It is a matter of regret that the demerits of Oscar Wilde's private life should after thirty years continue to overshadow, in the minds of his countrymen, the merits of his poems, plays, and essays. The dying embers of popular antipathy and popular curiosity are assiduously fanned by a school of journalists which has exploited Wilde to the utmost as lucrative "copy." In many upright and honest English homes, for a boy or girl to be caught reading, shall we say, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, still constitutes quite as heinous an offence in the parental imagination as the possession of any of the works of Paul de Kock, or the pursuit of the less reputable adventures of Casanova.

It is gratifying to observe that literary productions, whose circulation has caused the more self-righteous members of the community to entertain doubts as to their propriety, should now show a tendency to be ventilated. Furthermore, in the case of Oscar Wilde, it has not been possible in the past, owing to the operation of the Copyright Acts which prevent the unrestricted publication of an author's works within thirty years of his death, to present the bulk of this author's works in one volume. The lapse of the statutory period of time has rendered it possible for an enterprising firm of publishers to make the welcome attempt, while a recent case in the Law Courts happily decided that the form and price of the editions were to be matters within the publishers' discretion. The result is a well bound and reasonably priced volume\* of some 1,200 odd pages, containing, with perhaps a single exception, the most important works published in English during Wilde's lifetime. The contents are sufficiently representative and consist of a novel (*The Picture of Dorian Gray*), three collections of short stories (*Lord Arthur Savile's Crime and other Stories*, *A House of Pomegranates*, *The Happy Prince and other Tales*), four plays (*Lady Windermere's Fan*, *A Woman of No Importance*, *An Ideal Husband*, *The Importance of Being Earnest*), a collection of essays (*Intentions*), and the *Collected Poems*, including *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*. The paper, print, and binding are all excellent, and it is not too much to say that this book, working out, as it does, at rather more than ten pages a penny, constitutes a triumph in modern publishing. An additional attraction is the entire omission of any prefaces, which always increase the cost of a book, but seldom increase its value. Finally, Miss Nachshen's original illustrations have caught the contemporary atmosphere most happily, while keeping well abreast of our own times in technique.

In spite of his literary faults of plagiarism, artificiality and vanity, Oscar Wilde undoubtedly stands out as at once

\* "The Works of Oscar Wilde." With fifteen original drawings by Donia Nachshen. (Collins. 10s. 6d.)

carted trays up and down stairs, and in between while she answered the telephone calls of her fellow New Thinkers.

"No, I don't think we could have. A little calves' foot jelly for Johanna. How kind! You don't think we could have?"

Another day and night passed. The doctor came and went. The crisis was imminent. He gave little hope.

It was Friday afternoon. Mrs. Helms was in the kitchen warming up a little snack for the nurse. Upstairs the house was very still. The old woman had ceased to mumble—she was in a sort of coma. Mrs. Helms felt sure it was the end. She sat down with her hands clasped, looking out unseeing on space. As a child her Sunday occupation had been looking at the Doré illustrations in Dante's *Inferno*. She knew what happened to murderers. "Thou shalt have no other Gods before Me." Wasn't that dreadful Infinite just as much another God as a golden calf? Mrs. Helms shuddered, then she slipped to her knees. If she directed her prayer much as one writes a letter, and if the recipient was an old man with a long white beard, it was none the less sincere.

"Dear God," she prayed, "please don't let Johanna die. Please don't let me be a murderess. Do something to me instead."

She mentally pledged to invest the money she had saved for a new fur coat, and if need be a good many other things, to the furtherance of Johanna's happiness. She was crying softly.

Down the stairs came the trip-trip of the nurse's feet. Mrs. Helms rose hurriedly from her knees. The nurse came to the door and called her softly, so the end must have come.

"Mrs. Helms, Johanna is —"

"Dead?" said Mrs. Helms.

"No, better," said the nurse. "She is sleeping." And for the first time in her life Mrs. Helms fainted dead away.

Johanna grew rapidly better. Her fever went down and her appetite came up. The nurse gave the room a thorough cleaning, and it took on the appearance of a sickroom. There were quantities of flowers, brought by members of the Tuesday New Thought Club. There were squabs, there were little pots of jelly and bunches of hot-house grapes, all sent by members of the Tuesday New Thought Club. Mrs. Helms donated her best bedroom jacket. Johanna, under the influence of so much luxury and the good things to eat, took on a rounder appearance. She sat in bed, dressed in the jacket, upon her. The doctor came every other day, and then not at all. The nurse was leaving at the end of the week.

Mrs. Helms sat in her living-room, very very tired. She had cooked, she had carried, she had run to the telephone, and she was glad to sit a while. Up the path came Mrs. Gleason Jones. The two ladies embraced.

"I have such a wonderful piece of news for you," said the visitor. "My maid's sister is leaving her place and wants to come to you. She could come at the end of the week. Now, of course, as the doctor says Johanna is not strong enough to do housework, this will be perfect."

Mrs. Helms thanked her and went upstairs to Johanna's room. The old woman was sitting up in a chair, a quilt over her knees, reading a murder story. Mrs. Helms sat down on the edge of the bed.

"I want to have a little talk with you, Johanna. Mr. Helms and I have a wonderful plan for you." Mrs. Helms brought the words out slowly so that Johanna could savour the full magnificence of the plan. "We are going to give you one thousand dollars, to pay your way into the West Hills Home—just think, the West Hills Home, Johanna, where you have wanted so to go. We are going to give it to you."

Mrs. Helms prepared for the thanks she merited. She looked expectantly at Johanna. The old woman's eyes were bright. Was it with unshed tears of gratitude or was there just a suspicion of the old Johanna?

"Why, mum, I ain't old enough to go to a home. I'm feeling fine. I'm younger than I ever was. Not that I wasn't thinking of leaving you before I took sick that day. I was thinking it was better to go to the poorhouse than work here, where everyone seemed to hate me. I'm sure I took sick as a judgment on my wicked thoughts. And here you've been bringing on me, on old Johanna, and those other ladies old Johanna."

Her voice broke with emotion. "If you're thinking of being too old to work (Johanna's snort expressed her opinion of the doctor), why, mum, would I be so ungrateful as to think of leaving you, now, after all you've done for me, mum? I wouldn't be thinking of leaving you, never," said Johanna.



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Supporters of the Social Credit Movement contend that under present conditions the purchasing power in the hands of the community is chronically insufficient to buy the whole product of industry. This is because the money required to finance capital production, and created by the banks for that purpose, is regarded as borrowed from them, and, therefore, in order that it may be repaid, is charged into the price of consumers' goods. It is a vital fallacy to treat new money thus created by the banks as a repayable loan, without creating the community, on the strength of whose resources the money was created, with the value of the resulting new capital resources. This has given rise to a defective system of national loan accountancy, resulting in the reduction of the community to a condition of perpetual scarcity, and bringing them face to face with the alternatives of widespread unemployment of men and machines, as at present, or of international complications arising from the struggle for foreign markets.

The Douglas Social Credit Proposals would remedy this defect by increasing the purchasing power in the hands of the community to an amount sufficient to provide effective demand for the whole product of industry. This, of course, cannot be done by the orthodox method of creating new money, prevalent during the war, which necessarily gives rise to the "vicious spiral" of increased currency, higher prices, higher wages, higher costs, still higher prices, and so on. The essentials of the scheme are the simultaneous creation of new money and the regulation of the price of consumers' goods at their real cost of production (as distinct from their apparent financial cost under the present system). The technique for effecting this is fully described in Major Douglas's books.

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